

THE JOURNAL.

W. E. HEARST.
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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts to-day indicate that the weather will be cloudy, with probably rain or snow in the afternoon; slightly warmer; north-easterly winds.

Mr. Corbett is determined to force Mr. Fitzsimmons to divide the theatrical advertising derived from the last fight.

All of the fat-frying is being done in the interest of the Ohio candidate, and considerable of the sizzling is going on right in Mr. Quay's State.

The "green goods" men are now making Chicago their headquarters. It is but natural that they should desire to locate nearer their victims.

It is said that Captain-General Weyler is unpopular in Madrid and throughout Spain. To this may be added that he is also unpopular in Cuba and throughout the United States.

The election of two anti-McKinley delegates in Ohio's capital district doubtless means that the high protection candidate has been paying too much attention to outside States and neglecting affairs at home.

Dr. Depew's eulogy of Governor Morton as a business man, and, consequently, desirable as President, does not, so to speak, "cut any ice" in this city, which has been struggling for more than a year in the throes and agonies of a "business" administration, the passing of which the citizens are impatiently and anxiously awaiting.

It is high time that the epidemic of unsolved murder mysteries in and around New York should be checked. With the Police Commission transformed into an itinerant lecture bureau, the executive officers and rank and file are apt to forget their duties, and, in imitation of their superiors, lead the time that should be devoted to the detection of crime in self-admiration and congratulation.

Now that John C. New is about to take Indiana out of his waistcoat pocket and present it to Candidate Morton, it is well for that gentleman to remember that Mr. New never gives something for nothing, even to his dear friend General Harrison. Such baubles as London Consul-Generalships are now regarded by statesmen New as mere rounds of the ladder of success, and his friends are wondering whether he will take a Cabinet position at a pinch, or whether he will insist on the Vice-Presidency or nothing.

"DR. JIM" ON TRIAL.

The famous "Dr. Jim" is on trial in London for disturbing the calm and dignity of countries with which the subjects of Her Majesty Queen Victoria are at peace. Upon this trial and its result hang many important things, notably the dominion of the English in South Africa. It is noteworthy that the complexity of the famous Cecil Rhodes in a plot to overthrow the Government of the Boers, and to substitute that of an English colony, is now urged, and that the announcement of the issuance of a warrant for his arrest is made. This demonstrates a remarkable weakening on the part of the Conservatives before the Liberal opinion, which is moved to wrath at such a bold scheme of territorial robbery, planned and half executed by people enjoying the confidence, and in many cases the patronage, of the British Government.

Rhodes has always been a conspirator. He has the boldness and the dash of the pioneer, coupled with the diplomatic cunning and secrecy necessary to successful conspiracy. To accuse and hold him would show that England is repentant and on the right road; to bring him up on a slight charge, to whitewash him afterward, and to insist that he has done nothing which is not customary among the representatives of civilized nations, would indicate a tendency to play at justice without actually according it.

Who was the mysterious party behind "Dr. Jim"? At Bow Street yesterday Sir Richard Webster stated that Jameson's expedition into the Transvaal had long been planned. Who planned it? Who led the innocent troopers to believe that they were called out for the pursuit and punishing of a naughty native chief? Who subsequently told them that the women and children of English blood at Johannesburg were in danger, and that the expedition was designed for their protection? Do not these tactics remind one of the methods of Cecil Rhodes, the great African "land grabber," the conspirator who believes that a end—which for him is the complete control of South Africa by the English—justifies any means? If the proposition of the reckless Jameson brings

under the fierce white light of publicity the great diamond king of South Africa, the whole case will assume a new and graver aspect.

Hon. Mark Hanna, the Ohio millionaire, is not at all averse to adding a Presidential trust to his iron ore trust. In fact, a President is just what Mr. Hanna needs in his business.

SENATOR HALE'S ERROR.

Doubtless Senator Hale, of Maine, knows best how to serve his own purposes, and is best informed as to the expediency of these purposes being served; but when he "rises in his place" and declares this paper an organ of the Cuban insurgents he seems to us to be "saying the thing that is not" in a singularly idle and pointless way.

This paper is not an organ of the Cuban insurgents; it is an organ of that enlightened American opinion and warm and generous American sentiment which discern in the Cuban rebellion something more than an irritating disturbance of the sugar market.

Senator Hale's opinions go as naturally into figures of arithmetic as his feelings into figures of rhetoric, but he will never succeed in spreading the light of his commercial interests to a very great distance beyond the end of his cold nose until he shall have renounced the baneful habit of doing his thinking with his pocket. Meantime, however, he need not despair, but may comfort himself with the consciousness that the fewer there are who share his opinion, the more of it remains for himself.

We believe with an unquestioning faith that the American people, with so few exceptions as hardly to affect the accuracy of the statement, are heartily favorable to Cuban independence, and to American intervention, if needful, to secure it; and we believe they are so for reasons which the Hales and Hoars and all that calculating crew are devoid of the heart to understand. To hold that the majorities by which resolutions of sympathy and assistance to Cuba passed both Houses of Congress are without significance and meaning; that the circumstance was a coincidence, having no relation to the popular feeling—that is most unphilosophic. Indubitably the voting reflected that feeling in a marked and signal way. Not that all the Senators and Representatives friendly to the measures proposed had skillfully and selfishly calculated the trend of the popular mental tendency and adapted themselves to it. We are of those who hold that honest and sincere thinking and feeling are not banished from the legislative halls of our country; we think that statesmen, politicians and the plain undistinguished and unambitious "members" are neither more nor less susceptible, as a rule, to those influences whose subtle action is signified by the phrase "in the air." Nothing is more infectious than the heroism of an oppressed people rising against their tyrants. In contemplation of that political phenomenon most men forget the selfish interests of their own sordid environment, the admission of the State into the Union, and the practical response they have made, have caused a postponement of the Exposition for one year, to May 1, 1897. The applications for space have exceeded the expectations of the managers so much that new plans were made, the scope of the exhibits were broadened and the time has been increased from three to six months.

The blue book issued by the British Foreign Office on the subject of the Venezuelan boundary is appropriately bound as regards its color scheme. At present it makes the Venezuelans blue, intimating as it does that they have no case. Later, it will make Uncle Sam blue, as its special pleading increases the difficulty of enforcing the Monroe Doctrine. Finally, it will make the Britishers very blue indeed when they awake to the fact that blue books do not eliminate the necessity for arbitration.

The enthusiasm with which the people of Tennessee adopted the suggestion of a centennial exposition to celebrate the admission of the State into the Union, and the practical response they have made, have caused a postponement of the Exposition for one year, to May 1, 1897. The applications for space have exceeded the expectations of the managers so much that new plans were made, the scope of the exhibits were broadened and the time has been increased from three to six months.

The ringing endorsement of McKinley as Presidential candidate by the Ohio State Convention, at Columbus, yesterday, was the thing to be expected. Ohio is political to the core, and it is not strange that she should be first in the field with her "favorite son." Senator Foraker's definite announcement to the country that the apostle of protection is to try for the highest honors in his country's gift will start up a great many other sons, more or less favorites in limited circles, who will enjoy their brief hour of popularity.

As the Morton barrel gets lower and lower from the continuous drain, it behooves the Governor to pause and reflect upon the speculative character of such investments as chasing the elusive phantoms called nominations. An excellent parable for him to study just now is contained in the logic of the colored boy who, in the slavery days, began saving up money with which to purchase his freedom. He had saved and deposited with his master several hundred dollars for the purpose, when one day he fell into the river and was nearly drowned. Presenting himself immediately before his owner, he demanded the return of the instalments, saying: "I guess I don't want to invest; nigger skin is too precarious!"

ate has recklessly thrown away its character as a deliberative body, and placed itself at the disposition of a little clique of men who, under the guise of regulating the liquor traffic, are creating a powerful instrument of political oppression. They are afraid to have the bill properly discussed with that leisure which, in a body like the Senate, should give ample chance to have every imperfection brought well into the glare of publicity. They love darkness rather than light, and there is little doubt that it is because their intentions are evil. It is nothing less than monstrous that the Senate should be called upon to register the decree of an individual who, to use Senator Cantor's words, "has no official power, and arbitrarily and tyrannically controls the majority of this body."

The worst feature of the Raines bill is, of course, the political dictatorship which it sanctions, and which is intended to strengthen the Republican machine. This has been repeatedly exposed, and the masses are indignant at the deception which the majority desire to practise upon them. A little army of agents, ready to obey orders when issued, is to be held together and amply paid by the provisions of this bill. Confidential agents, artfully chosen, are to profit by their official positions to perpetuate a few men in power. The purpose and purport of American free government are nullified by this odious Raines bill. That the "gag law" should have been applied when this measure was to be pushed through the Senate is eminently disgraceful. The minority will at least enjoy the proud pre-eminence of having done its duty.

The power of the Legislature to take from the cities any portion of their excise moneys, and to apply them to State needs, may well be doubted. It is a kind of robbery which could never be accomplished without the aid of "gag laws" and oppressive tactics. It is an attack upon the principle of Home Rule, which is intended simply as the entering wedge of a greater and more sinister campaign. What wonder that more than one hundred thousand persons are asking Governor Morton to veto the bill? What wonder that deep disgust pervades Democratic ranks because of the unfair and wretchedly partisan tactics employed in pushing it? The strengthening of the machine by such a scheme is an abominable trick, of which no self-respecting person will approve, and which cannot fail to bring trouble to the scheming Boss and his servile helpers, who are over-riding law and justice in their mad effort to pass it.

Young Baltz shot himself, because, being caught stealing, there was "no more fun in life." He might have become a politician.

The New England statesmen who favor missionary rule in Hawaii and oppose humane procedure in the case of Cuba should take the floor and explain themselves.

Henry Watterson, having realized \$30,000 from his lectures, will go to Europe to write a biography of Lincoln. Why not go to Europe to lecture, and give us time to read the fifteen biographies of Lincoln already extant?

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What is Going on on the Continent.

Berlin, March 2.—The Duke of Najera, who is to represent the little King Alfonso of Spain at the czar's coronation, in Moscow, has been selected for this post with a purpose. It has been figured out that the festivities to be given by the Spanish Ambassador in the coronation city will cost at least \$300,000. The Spanish exchequer can spare only one-third of this sum, and the Duke offered to put up the other two-thirds after the Queen Regent had promised to lend him the gorgeous trappings of her court, to make as big a show as possible. Thus it will come to pass that not only the least but also the least significant of kings, will be most magnificently represented at the White Czar's day of honor.

I learn from a member of the political police that the Russian Government intends to engage several well-known American detectives for service during the coronation festivities in Moscow. Ex-inspector Byrnes is among the parties whom the czar would most willingly engage, if he could get him, as he has read a great deal of Byrnes's great detective exploits.

"Do you think it likely that Byrnes would incorporate his observations in Russia in a book?" asked the Berlin detective of your correspondent.

"Certainly not, if you stipulate that he must not do so."

"But he is a writer of note, is he not?" continued the German.

I assured the man that Byrnes was not one of the first literary lights of the American continent, and he was satisfied that under those circumstances His Majesty would be willing to offer Byrnes a tremendous salary.

The chief detectives of all foreign countries where Russians congregate will be likewise engaged for the coronation festivities, as it is feared that some malcontents may cross over to Russia from their hiding places to do violence to the czar when he shows himself in public.

The "Countess" Otero—she was plain Carolina Otero when she danced at Madison Square Garden, in New York—has captured a million of rubles—gold, it is please—during the three weeks of her engagement at the Kromolow Theatre, in St. Petersburg. Never before has she created such a sensation in this city. Nightly the stage is strewn with jewel boxes, sable and other precious furs the moment she appears, while the proudest aristocrats of the empire pay her homage. The dancer intends to go to Paris next month in a saloon carriage presented her by one of her admirers.

From Paris she will travel to Pueno Bate to visit her mother, who, until two years ago, made the honest living as a washerwoman. Of late the Countess's mamma has been receiving a snug pension and now plays the "lady" almost as successfully as her beautiful daughter.

The Imperial Court has just decided that a theatrical agent must refuse to do business with any actor or actress, prima donna or singer who declines to answer truthfully the following questions:

Date of birth. Parents. Religion. Status. Place of former employment and salary actually received.

The applicant for a situation must also state over his or her signature whether or not he or she has ever been in prison or fined. As the same regulation applies to all theatrical agents, the majority of professional actors and actresses will refuse to submit to the humiliating terms of the inquiry, and theatrical agents in consequence are always in hot water.

The decision of the Supreme Court settles the case once for all. Professionals must either admit themselves to be on the same footing with servants or get out of the business. The law of the eighteenth century must be upheld.

All the German sovereign States, and the free cities to boot, have their lotteries, some, like Prussia, maintaining one great Government lottery and tolerating ten or more similar private enterprises. Other Governments openly invite their subjects to risk money on half a dozen official gambling institutions. Inasmuch as the State makes a pretty penny out of these transactions, numerous laws in favor of them have been passed from time to time, and one of them, long forgotten, has just been rescued from oblivion by a Berlin court.

It appears that a thief bought a lottery ticket with the proceeds of a nocturnal visit to a jewelry shop and was caught red-handed, so to speak. The Jeweller claimed the ticket, as being bought at his expense, but the judge decided against him. Yesterday the thief was informed that he had won 30,000 marks on the ticket, and that it would be a gracious act on his part to compensate the Jeweller for his loss. Mr. Thief acted upon the suggestion, whereupon the court complimented him highly, at the same time advising him to invest the 30,000 marks in Government bonds. The lucky devil will be released in three months, and can then retire upon his laurels.

The Cologne Gazette publishes an article condemning the enterprise of certain "female Samaritans" who have undertaken to relieve the distress among the citizens of Asia Minor. "They will certainly be unable to change their premises," says the Gazette. "For Asia Minor is at present not a fit place for women, being desolate and under martial law. If any one of the missionaries should succeed she must do so by spending the greater part of the money contributed by other people for her own travelling expenses. Our correspondents give heartrending descriptions of the misery prevailing in those parts. A great number of families have lost their natural supporters, husbands and grown sons. They are without money, credit or business connections. Instead of spending extravagant sums for travelling expenses the missionaries should turn over all the money collected to the Consuls, who have means for their just distribution."

The people of the Duchy of Coburg did not anticipate great things when the former Duke of Edinburgh assumed the reigns of government. His reputation was not the best and his manners were not over-gracious. But those fearing that the old shady policy of the late Duke Ernst would be continued have been pleasantly disappointed. The new Duke has made an end of the pernicious traffic in titles and offices formerly in vogue, and kicked out of court all the newly created noblemen holding high offices without possessing the necessary qualifications. By this act Duke Alfred endeared himself to his new subjects. To-day he surprised them by signing the bill which makes it lawful for a judge to commute a sentence for a first offence. But the Duke went further; he wrote personal letters to a number of other sovereigns, asking them, in the name of Justice, to adopt similar laws in their countries. The King of Wurtemberg is said to be willing to follow Alfred's humane suggestion.

HENRY W. FISCHER.

Julia Marlowe-Taber.

Pluck off thy Worth, Leflerier and Pin-glet Juliet gowns, oh, Cora Unghart Potter, and lay them aside for "Franchillon," or "The Lady of the Camellias." Ask Mr. Daly to give you a night off, oh Cora Unghart Potter, and then persuade the glib Kyrie to buy you a couple of seats for Palmer's Theatre. Go there, and see a play in six acts, by William Shakespeare, called "Romeo and Juliet," in which the ardent love story of a certain Venetian couple is stormily set forth. It is not a new play, but to you, oh Mrs. Cora, it will have many elements of novelty, for in it you will see Juliet with whom the immortal William himself might have fallen in love—a Juliet who might perchance have inspired him to write this tragedy, had he beheld her in his Stratford days.

This Juliet is Julia Marlowe, who with a martial Taber tucked to her name has come back to the city that eight years ago landed the grace and charm of her fair Parthenia. She has returned, delightful though married, rich with many experiences, and with her raw edges carefully and emphatically removed. The "road" that blunts the artistic perception of so many actresses, commended to shriek declamatory fervor in the ears of people who clamor for their money's worth of noise, has simply ripened the blossoming talent of Miss Marlowe (whom I shall absolutely refuse to call Mrs. Taber). She was quietly and unostentatiously gone through "the country," satisfied not to be rich, content to be sedately unsensational, persistent in an attempt to reach a return to the metropolis minus the "press agents."

Her Juliet last night charmed me. It sent a warm, comfortable, sympathetic glow through my veins, for this little actress showed us a Venetian maiden, simple, unsophisticated, ingenuous and full of the poetry that we all attach to the character. Such a winsome, lovable and naïvely innocent Juliet, too! She was as guileless and as prettily unexpected as a Spring crocus, with no silly popinjay airs, no bread-and-butter schoolgirl giggles, no finicking, over-dressed posing. She was four years old—a maiden "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." There was no "perversity" about her wooing, no "showing herself" at the amorous Romeo. It was the daintiest and most fascinating picture of the dawn of sexual life, breaking through the unruled clouds of ignorant childhood. It was a happy unstudied study of awakening womanhood, idealized as Shakespeare meant it to be.

Some of your Julietts make this pathetic comedy—I can't call "Romeo and Juliet" a tragedy—miserably absurd. These are the fat Julietts, the forty-five-year-old Julietts, the Julietts with double chins, and the Julietts who play their part as though they were uttering a recitation. Then it is that you say to yourself, "There's a play to be read, but not to be acted." For you feel that both Romeo and Juliet are a couple of lunatics not worth examining, except as sexual fancies.

Miss Marlowe's impersonation is an exquisitely melodious one. It is alive with lovely girlhood. Her face is pleasing and arch, rather than beautiful and heroine-like. The varying expressions of her face are most convincing in their many fitting colors, and her voice is unaffected, unstilted and perfectly non-stagnant. At no time does Miss Marlowe recede, she speaks slowly, perhaps a trifle deliberately, but her accent is musical, and not a single nasal intonation mars the effect of her voice. A better half way scene I cannot remember, and I've seen a good many of 'em, from stage-struck amateurs and scarcely worthier stage-struck actresses. I've seen Julietts leaning on their hands until my soul rebelled and I longed for them to lean on their feet, just for a change, and I've heard them assert that "parting is such sweet sorrow" until I yearned to be personal and insist that it was indeed.

Julia Marlowe is Juliet in sheer poetry—not a maturely impassioned Juliet, not a Juliet filled with the cyclonic emotions of youth, but an inflammatory girl subjected for the first time to the love-torment. It is a characterization of which you involuntarily exclaim, "How utterly charming, and which seems to be so simply done, and so devoid of effort, that you wonder why somebody else has not offered it to us before. This Juliet would delight any audience, and it is far better than even Miss Marlowe's admirable Parthenia, with which she made her first appearance in New York."

Robert Taber is a rather unimpressive Romeo, with a fluffy wig that suggests Uncle Tom's hair forced to grow in a hot-house. He is an unromantic, matter-of-fact young man whose tedious amours can scarcely be understood. He tells you how excessive his passion really is, but you don't believe him. He could easily be cured, you feel. Another pretty face would do just as well. Mr. Taber speaks his lines doughtily and betrays very little fervor. Edwin Howard is a natty-pammy Paris, and Dodson L. Mitchell a very butcher-like Capulet. Thomas L. Coleman, barring his irritating falsetto laugh, is a fairly good Mercutio, and Mrs. Sol South an excellent Nurse.

Duse was in the audience last night, and I kept a large fraction of an eye on her. I think I have discovered why the exclusive Londoners fear the interviewer. Duse of the stage is an exceedingly different being to Duse on the stage. She looked so prematurely ugly, with a skin as yellow as parchment and an attire that Mrs. Noah would have hesitated to don for Sunday use in the Ark. Duse was very merry, too, which is a sad fact to chronicle, for we should all prefer to think of her as chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy in solitary melancholy. It was disillusion, pure and simple, to look at her. Distance and the footlights, in her case, lend enchantment to the view. The Italian actress, however, was wildly enthusiastic about Julia Marlowe. She stood up in her box and applauded. Kind friends had to pull her down, or I believe she would have skipped over the footlights. She went behind the scenes several times and was thoroughly aroused by the admirable work of the little American actress. Indeed, it was a performance that might almost induce Duse, contemplating Juliet, to change her mind.

ALAN DALE.

No Chance for a Compromise.

[Detroit News-Tribune.]
It is true that a Boston girl sued for \$20,000 damages for a stolen kiss, we are confident that it was because she didn't get a chance to compromise upon the return of the goods.

Would Annex Spain's Navy.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]
If Uncle Sam should have to defend himself from Spain he would not have to buy any new ships. Spain has a number of fine vessels to good condition.

Quay's Mailed Hand.

[Washington Post.]
In placing the responsibility for the McKinley tariff law we should not overlook the fact that it was Mr. Quay's mailed hand, that made the first-day Congress Republican.

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

Talk about literary movement! I'll bet that the person who foisted "A Water Lily" off on the editor of Harper's knows enough about the literary movement around Franklin square to keep himself in coal all Winter without the expenditure of a single idea or the fraction thereof. If I were a magazine editor and he offered me such a thing as that I would take my hat off to him. I would not buy it, but I would at least try to get the Victoria Cross for him for his personal courage in offering it. My dear Messrs. Harpers, believe me when I tell you that you can get better poetry in Chicago than you do—I won't say better than you can—in the New York market.

"For Plain Women Only," published by the Merriam Company, is a series of monologues, in which, through the lips of his (or her) Aunt Lavinia, George Fleming discourses to the verge of weariness. Mr. Fleming's audience would be very small indeed, were it confined in reality to those for whom he professes to write—for who ever knew a woman who believed herself to be plain? No! The lady with coarse features is perfectly sure that she has a "commanding appearance," the lady with the nut-cracker face that she is "so piquante"; the fat lady with huge arms and protruding bust is proud, very proud of her "figure"; the thin woman with gaunt neck and hollow chest is just as proud of her "willowy, graceful form." So that if George Fleming really meant his book for plain women only, he should have addressed himself to women reformers like Lady Somerset or Mrs. Granville, who are so devoted to the betterment of the nations, Borrioboola supplies or social purity that they have no time to be beautiful, or proud of anything. Yet even Mrs. Granville, that woman of manifold virtues, has her little vanity; she is certainly proud of a pretty face. If you don't believe it, ask her how gowns should be worn, and she will answer every time, "high in the neck, and short, very short, in the skirt."

Aunt Lavinia, whose perplexity George Fleming forces upon an unwilling public, is an exasperating old English woman, who everlastingly taps, taps, taps a paper-cut on her nose, the tap, tap, tap of her nose, she has had enough of tapping, and talks, talks, talks to her imbecile nephew on the last subject in the world that should interest even an imbecile nephew, the average woman. The good lady herself goes about in a loose, blue serge gown—"trock," of course, she calls it, for if there is a farthing word in the language our English cousins are sure to adopt it—and in her loose gown, comfortable, if hideous, she proceeds to discourse on how all other women should dress. The abomination of a trimmed sailor hat and the desolation of a universal and perpetual tailor gown are all put by Aunt Lavinia where they belong, on the ample shoulders of dear old England, for who, but a British maid, has her about her neck a sailor hat, and her hair forever go about in the unbecoming aggressiveness of the perpetual tailor gown? "Looking-glasses, looking-glasses, looking-glasses," says Aunt Lavinia, in crescendo tones, which, on the whole, is not a bad prescription to be taken in large doses by the sex, since for many decades to come it will still be the chief end, beginning and middle of woman's duty to "look pretty," no matter how she behaves.

"What a ghastly thing it is, Theodore," says Aunt Lavinia, solemnly, "not to become a woman when one ceases to be a girl!" and there rises before one a mental vision, with a shudder, a horrible picture of the countless middle-aged-aye, even gray-haired-feminine gushers, or middle-aged matrons "trying to be cute," that one has encountered among the funny things of life, and the masculine reader says, "Amen." And, again, "It is the sanguine English woman rather than good, experienced old England, who expects every man to do his duty." That is not bad—women expect so much!

Letters from the People.

Reform in the Public Schools.

Dear Sir—With great interest I read your article on "Reform in our Public Schools." It certainly "hits the nail on the head," and is a subject which needs overhauling as much as the Police Board and other city departments have had.

Every branch of it is more or less rotten. I have been a member of four different school boards in this city, and know whereof I speak. The system of grading is defective. The children are divided into grades which are left off in one grade and joined in the next. For instance, when our class was promoted to the next grade of a certain school in which we had been studying Brown's grammar (an out of date book, bound in leather, and of the year 1850), to study Reed & Kellogg's grammar, entirely different as to the names of most of the tenses, etc., of our language. This was a confusion to the pupils in their study of the language, and it was a waste of time, because the grammar, this, however, was not the end of the trouble, for, after a year's study in the last named grammar, we were promoted to the new grammar, Brown's grammar was again resumed, which gave the scholars another taste of this old material. There were other changes, all of them being more or less defective. The result is disastrous to the pupils.

Another point. There are teachers, whose had me of English grammar, and of the history of the coming generation hear it incessantly and parrot habits as to its bad use, which ten years of study could never overcome.

Again, we have the system known as "reading," in which the promotion of 50 per cent of the class is made the basis for the promotion of the rest. This little scheme for making room and getting rid of pupils, who are not able to assimilate knowledge as others, hence, a better to the teacher, is one that is constantly resorted to in our schools.

What is the result of the above grave errors in our system of education, coupled with others too numerous to mention for lack of space? It will be this. Next May, many hundreds will apply to the City College for admission. They will arrive hard to gain the required per cent, for entering there, and, lastly, will be turned away, because they have not the required per cent. They will have entirely wasted their time and money, and will be disappointed in their education.

Continue in the good work of "showing up" the many evils that are contained in our educational system, and those who receive direct benefits thereby will join in sounding aloud the praises of the Journal.

C. W. S.
New York, March 8.

Mr. Platt in the Party.

[Chicago Chronicle.]
It is not pleasant to read of Mr. Platt as "the reformer" in connection with the McKinley party in New York, because other facts in the case lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the Republican party in New York is all reformers appended.

Three Orphans of the East Side.

I'm a little kid of seven.
An' me bigger brother's eleven
An' me sister's only eight.
But we make do 'n' get together
In any kind or wedder,
For our pop's behind de gates.

Me brudder shines for Morn—
Dat's de Dago on der corner,
Where Pat Murphy keeps—
I peddle kum and vesder,
An' me sister's behind de gates.

We ain't got no money
Nor any fadder madder
Since pop was pinched dat day!
But dere's no kid to trow it
In our faces—dey don't know it.
All der day know is, pop's away.

Me madder, she lay dyin'
An' pop he'd been a tryin'
To get some work to do.
He seen 'em troo der window,
Vid me madder to hisder,
An' pop he took a few.

Big piles of bills a-lyin'
In der window—madder dey's!
For wiles of talk to eat.
Pop wouldn't give his name up,
An' when der trial came up
He was der Judge's madder.

Mister Murphy buried madder
Den asted us if we'd rudder
Work along or quit de game
An' go to live wid Gerry.
Den I cried an' so did Jerry—
Dat's wot me brudder's name.

Mister Murphy he felt sorry!
I know youse pop, he gorry!
An' he was de madder madder,
I'll give youse kids a liftin'
Till yer able to make sperrin',
An' he shook us by der han'.

Pop sends along a letter
Once every month or better
An' says he's feelin' good,
An' Murphy told me sifter,
When de odder day he kissed her,
"I should kilt youse fadder wot!"

N. F. BARBOCK.

"Woman as an Explorer."

"Let us talk about 'Woman as an Explorer' to-day," said the president of the Teacup Club. "I've recently met a woman who has travelled all through Asia and—"

"I suppose she did it in bloomers and one of those horrid, unbecoming stiff caps, too," broke in the brown-eyed blonde. "Well, all I've got to say is that a woman who has the courage to make such a guy of herself is brave enough to face all the tigers and mountain lions, and—er—boa constrictors in Asia."

"I don't believe there are any boa constrictors and mountain lions in Asia," said the girl with the Roman nose. "As for tigers—"

"Mercy, how literal you are!" pettishly replied the brown-eyed blonde. "Well, but, fakes them; how will that suit you? I'm equally afraid of all of them, myself."

"Oh, girls," cried the girl with the dimple in her chin, "Marion and I have just had such fun. We have been telling each other the most awful things that ever happened to us in our lives."

"Perhaps that is what has made you so late," remarked the president, in a severe tone.

"Not exactly. You see, I knew there was something wrong about my watch, and I could not remember whether it was thirteen minutes fast or thirteen minutes slow, so—"

"But do tell us what was the most awful thing that ever happened to you," cried the girl with the classic profile. "The very worst thing that ever befell me was connected with a thinneepie. It was last Summer, and a man who—who had been very nice to me, was going away early the next morning. When we were seated at the washroom, as you know, and when a lot of the girls saw us sitting on the porch they came over and spent the evening with us. We just could not get a chance for a word alone."